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EDWARD W. BOK has instituted a competition which reduces to insignificance his earlier inducements to promote the building of convenient and inexpensive dwelling-houses. The prize offer he has just announced is based on the conviction that the chance of winning \$100,000 will stimulate the minds of Americans to an inventive activity for which the mere ambition to bring about peace on earth would be an inadequate incentive. Blessed are the peace-makers, it suggests, when they can win a fortune by their peace-making. The conditions of the award will make this the largest sum ever offered for a gold brick. There is to be no awaiting the test of events, but half of the money is to be paid upon selection of the best peace plan by a jury and the rest when the practicability of the approved plan has been "demonstrated" either through its adoption by the Senate or because a sufficient popular response indorses it. It is unlucky for ex-President Wilson that Mr. Bok's offer is so belated. A few years ago his decision to involve America in the war—as the best means of "cooperating with other nations to achieve and to preserve world peace"—would have been held to meet one, if not both, of these requirements. At the time of the Washington Conference either President Harding or Secretary Hughes might have put forward a no less convincing claim to an immortal reputation and the \$100,000. Would not Mr. Bok have shown himself more sagacious if he had appended to his offer the condition that the prize money should be refunded by the

winner if it should turn out—five years, let us say, after the award—that the hopes raised by the scheme had proved illusory?

GENERAL GOURAUD has arrived, a valiant, eager warrior whose mission is to convert these United States to greater sympathy with the French war in the Ruhr. Bands will play and crowds will cheer, and the general will be photographed kissing babies, but if M. Gaston Liébert, chief of the new French Propaganda Mission in New York, were to ask our advice we should tell him that the war is over and that the old stuff is too old. Kissing generals on tour no longer stir the American soul as they did in 1917.

MARK is worth one two-thousandth of a cent today. Two years ago it was worth two cents. Prices rose 100 per cent in one week in Germany last month; letter-postage rates were raised 400 per cent, telegraph rates 200 per cent, and telephone rates 600 per cent on July 1. Such facts paint a background for the invasion of the Ruhr. Another bit of background is the publication in England of correspondence revealing a direct connection between the French General Staff and Dr. Dorten's separatist movement in the Rhineland. Still another is the revelation in a Munich treason trial that the French invested 100,000,000 marks in a monarchist separatist movement in Bavaria. No wonder the French Senate is forced to resort to the convenient trick of increasing the estimated tax yield in order to balance the budget. Truly effective French propaganda would be news of a strenuous campaign in France against the waste of public funds in subsidies to Polish militarists, German separatists, and nationalist newspapers. Or if Poincaré should heed the Pope's appeal for common sense or give a direct answer to the British questions as to the precise terms on which he will end the madness in the Ruhr, that too would help General Gouraud in his mission.

TO judge from some newspaper headlines one might suppose that the outstanding feature of the third session of the World Court was the appearance of Hiram Johnson one morning in the visitors' gallery. The proceedings at the Hague, however, present other claims to attention. One of the cases for hearing is that of the British steamship Wimbledon, which, according to the plaint of the former Allied Powers, was unlawfully forbidden access to the Kiel Canal when proceeding to Danzig in March, 1921, with a cargo of French munitions for Poland. The decision hinges on whether at that time there was a state of war between Poland and Russia. In the hearing of this case a German sits for the first time on the bench of the World Court. This is consequent upon a provision that, if one nation which is a party to a case has a judge sitting in the court and the opposing party has not, the latter, even if not a member of the League, may appoint a temporary judge. Another case concerns the status of a certain class of Ger-

man property-owners on lands which formerly belonged to Prussia but have been ceded to Poland by the Treaty of Versailles. The third and perhaps the most important matter is concerned with the autonomy of Eastern Karelia and the interpretation of the peace treaty of 1920 between Finland and the Soviet Government. This problem involves the prior determination of the competence of the League or its Permanent Court to deal with the subject, which Russia claims to be a question of purely domestic policy. In view of President Harding's plea for American representation on the court, its proceedings will deserve to be followed in this country with the closest attention.

EINSTEIN has explained his resignation from the League of Nations Committee for Intellectual Cooperation in words that need no comment:

The activities of the League so far have convinced me that there appeared to be no action, no matter how brutal, committed by the present Power group against which the League could take a stand. I withdrew because the League of Nations, as it functions at present, not only does not embody the ideal of an international organization, but actually discredits such an ideal. . . . May the League in the future prove my harsh words to have been false.

"EVERYONE who calls himself a Conservative," said Stanley Baldwin in a recent address to the Chatham and Canning clubs at Oxford, "must look back for his inspiration to the Disraeli of the last century." Are we to interpret this utterance as a clue to the political ideals of the new Prime Minister? To a Conservative Party the golden age must naturally lie in the past rather than in the future, but one might have expected Mr. Baldwin to find his stimulus in some memory that would be likely to make a stronger contemporary appeal. This seems scarcely a propitious moment to summon from the shades the ghostly figure of the most Turcophil of his predecessors. Nor is "Back to Disraeli" likely to be a much more effective slogan if it is that statesman's imperialism that Mr. Baldwin has especially in mind. By this time much of the gilt has worn off those glittering schemes for magnifying British authority in India and Egypt which once aroused such enthusiasm in England. If the Prime Minister were a Bernard Shaw, one might suspect an ironical intent in that section of his speech in which he eulogizes Disraeli for "his amazing prevision, his unerring perception of the essence of things, and his almost superhuman courage." No characterization, one would think, could be less fitting for the clever demagogue whose adroitness won for him a popularity unrivaled until quite recent times by that of any other political prestidigitator. If Stanley Baldwin seeks his inspiration from Benjamin Disraeli, we shall see him leading the English people some strange dances—provided, of course, that he can invest his own personality with something of his hero's glamor.

OUR American immigration laws have infused a sporting interest into the logs of ocean liners. The opening of a new fiscal year on July 1 provided for any airman in the neighborhood the entertaining spectacle of American, British, French, Italian, German, Greek, Danish, Norwegian, and Dutch vessels, all immigrant laden, converging simultaneously upon New York harbor in such hustling fashion as to parallel the rivalry of university crews at

Poughkeepsie. The schedule of quotas for 1923-24 reflects the continuance of the process of territorial readjustment in Europe. It is a significant commentary on the wisdom of present-day statesmanship that the chief gain is made by Turkey, whose allotment rises from 2,388 to 2,654 as a by-product of her recent military successes. It is expected that certain national quotas, which last year were long in filling, will this year be completed within a few months. This is especially anticipated in the case of Great Britain, where emigration is being stimulated by the persistence of unemployment. Meanwhile, it has been found in England that there is less discomfort in entering the United States across the Canadian border, and the St. Lawrence route is accordingly becoming popular. It will be another example of the irony that dogs the schemes of politicians if one of the effects of the Dillingham Act should prove to be the checking of immigration from Great Britain and other North European countries.

IN Japan, as in the United States, military-minded men are attempting to use the higher institutions of learning as centers for military training. Here the students usually acquiesce, if with an abundant sense of boredom. We hear other news from Japan. The story of the protest made by the students at Waseda University is told in our International Relations Section this week. Doubtless the manners of these students were very bad indeed, but we wish the news of their bad manners could travel far and wide in these United States. We have here a popular superstition that every American is peace loving and every Japanese an hereditary militarist, and it would do some of us a great deal of good to read of the howls of derision with which the Japanese students greeted a speaker who attempted to satisfy them that militarism and military training were unrelated by citing our example.

ONE of the drawbacks of service in the Turkish army is, or used to be, uncertainty about getting one's pay, with a consequent temptation to indulge in looting, when opportunity offered, in order to maintain a proper standard of living. A Chinese brigand, too, has often been only a Chinese soldier who* has been driven into unorthodox methods of self-support by the need to make up somehow for the financial deficiencies of a regimental paymaster or provincial governor. It is to be hoped that the 3,100 employees of the customs service in New York City are too well bred to seek any such irregular consolation for the unpleasant experience from which they are now suffering. At the end of June, it is reported, each of them was docked \$10 in his or her weekly pay envelope because of the scanty appropriation made by Congress for the fiscal year then terminating. It was at first intended to make cuts proportionate to salaries, but this seemed beyond the mathematical capacities of the pay clerks, so a uniform reduction was adopted, stenographers at \$18 to \$25 a week thus having to sacrifice the same sum as the highest-paid officials. Protesters were informed that the deficiency would "probably" be made up in the next pay roll.

THERE was a great deal of talk in the newspapers about the dangerous radicalism of Rinaldo Capellini, who defeated the organization candidate for president of District 1 of the United Mine Workers of America. When the anthracite miners held their convention, however, radicalism

seemed to be on the other foot. John Lewis, the national president of the union, hobnobbed comfortably with Capellini, and there were no outbursts of violent passion from the floor. Violence was provided from within the conservative ranks. After an impassioned denunciation by Lewis, representatives of the Progressive International Committee of the mine workers, a semi-Communist group, were driven out of the hall and almost lynched in the streets of Scranton. It was a disgraceful affair. Cannot even the United Mine Workers, who have ranked among the progressive unions of the United States in industrial program and organization and who have suffered as much as any group from violation of civil rights and denial of free speech, tolerate opposition, even bitter opposition, without resorting to Ku Klux tactics?

IN a pamphlet entitled "The Intellectual and the Labor Movement," published by the League for Industrial Democracy, George Soule points out that with a strictly professional attitude and a lack of officiousness the technically trained intellectual could fill an important place in the American labor movement. The 1922 report of the Labor Bureau, of which Mr. Soule himself is a director, is documentary proof of this contention. The bureau's report, which was made public last week, shows that during 1922 the economists, statisticians, engineers, accountants, and writers who make up its staff rendered professional services to some 144 national and local labor unions and labor papers of various kinds. Including cooperative organizations and other agencies the total number of clients served was almost 200. The bureau's activities last year extended to twenty-five States and more than doubled in volume over the previous year. According to its report, the bureau, since its organization in 1920, has confined its services to labor and those working in labor's interest; it has kept free of subsidies and contributions; it has operated on a cost basis; and it has maintained a rigid detachment from factionalism and labor politics. It is safe to say that its success is due in large measure to these policies. The seal of labor's approval is the surplus shown on the bureau's balance sheet.

JACOB A. RIIS once said that every reform organization ought to have a professional humorist attached to it to prevent its becoming ridiculous or taking itself too seriously. If one humorist per organization was needed in Mr. Riis's time, a baker's dozen would not be too large a quota in this day. What, for instance, shall anyone with a sense of the ridiculous say of the "safety hour" chorus gravely recommended by the Police Department of New York City? Children leaving school at 3 p.m. are likely to be run down by automobiles, it is said; hence at 2:59 drivers are asked to go Squak, squak! with their horns and factories Toot, toot! with their whistles. The resulting din will save life! Well, we have always felt that as between the evil of speed and the evil of noise there was not much to choose, so we have refrained from mounting to the roof and emitting a howl at 2:59. That we may have failed to save some stray lives by this negligence we sadly admit, but we are buoyed up by the thought that we have conserved our own against the ire of some neighbor, who never having heard that noise prolongs life, might have cut short our "safety hour" chorus by a bootjack from his window.

Man's Sphere

NOT that we are opposed to men. Do not imagine for a moment that we are seeking to prohibit or abolish or even to modify or reform them. They are one of the most common of natural phenomena and we have long since ceased to butt our heads hopefully against a fact of nature.

The question, simply put, is this: Shall we continue the experiment of educating them?

There are some things that men, obviously, are cut out for. The celestial scissors shaped them to certain definite ends such as handling axes, bayonets, spades, and picks. Trained properly, men are good hewers of wood, good killers, good diggers. With a certain uncomplaining, simple courage, they are ready to endure death or to sweat under a hot sun. These things are their sphere. And it is apparent from the first that education interferes with these ends, even as it detracts from the manliness which is men's charm. Men were not meant, we fear, for those sedentary intellectual pursuits which hour by hour soften their muscles, and, worse yet, put ideas into their heads. Many a good sticker or digger has been lost in the pages of a book.

This is one aspect of the case. The other is even more obvious, though, lest tender masculine feelings be hurt, we will put it in the form of a question. Can men learn? We are not ready to say bluntly to their few defenders: "Men are indeed not the intellectual equals of women." No, we dislike sweeping generalities; it is only about 60 per cent safer to indict sexes than nations. Men's brains—let us put it this way—are different from women's. Give him a gun and a man's brain functions with apparent success. Give him a book—but let us again turn to the facts. On June 12 New York University announced its commencement prizes—five of them. There was the prize for highest honors in the School of Law. It was won by a student named Catherine Chadwick Noyes. Highest honors in the Medical College went to Ella Hodiger. The Alumni Medal of Washington Square College was awarded to Edna Weil. The Jeremiah Whipple Jenks prize in government was won by Irene Fletcher Richardson. The prize offered by the School of Retailing went to two students, John Williams Wingate and Francesca Smith.

There was a time, we recall in this connection, when women were not allowed to study for a degree in medicine at the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons. Finally they were admitted. In the first class of men and women to graduate the few women students were all at the top of the class; the highest stand man was a woman. At the time, we accepted this fact without reflection, but the prizes just announced by New York University arouse our suspicions of the reasons for maintaining that long-continued exclusion of women from the "P. and S." For here were thousands of students—the New York University graduating class was 1,524—young men and young women, working side by side with no handicaps or favors, preparing themselves presumably for an intellectual career. And with what result?

Some of our dearest friends are men, so we will not repeat the result. But let us, both as taxpayers and as philosophers, simply consider the question: Shall we continue to educate our men?

The Next Next War

WE live in days when men fear to face realities. Here are England and France, referring to each other as allies, maintaining an appearance of joint action in half of the world and negotiating for common ground in the rest, yet entering a race for the supremacy of the air in which no attempt is made to disguise the ghastly fact that they are bidding against each other, building great fleets of airplanes with which to fight each other in the next great war. We are not yet five years past the armistice that ended the war to end war, the war that was to teach us so many great lessons and set the world to rights, yet here are the two great Powers of Europe glowering at each other across the English Channel and beginning precisely the kind of armament race which, between England and Germany, prefaced the World War.

What else can Mr. Baldwin's statement in Parliament mean? "British air power must include a home-defense air force of sufficient strength adequately to *prepare us against attack by the strongest air force within striking distance of this country.*" Mr. Baldwin's announced intention to increase the home-defense air force from eighteen to fifty-two squadrons, almost tripling it, is a direct challenge to France. It is directed against no other Power. France recognizes that fact, and is replying in kind. We are back in the poisonous atmosphere that made the European war inevitable, and we are in imminent danger of repeating, even without the traditional lapse of a generation, that terrific experience.

It is not only in the air that England is preparing for the next great war. She is beginning work upon an enormous naval base at Singapore, which can be aimed only at Japan. It is to Japan what the fortification of the Kiel Canal was to England. Japan, perhaps in response, is flirting again with Soviet Russia. The play of the Powers in China all looks in the same direction. The British Government has demanded, according to report, the right to maintain its own guards along the Tientsin-Pukow Railroad. What that is likely to mean past history has made only too plain. Poor China, torn by internal dissension, striving to make in a few years the adjustment to modern industrialism and Western parliamentary democracy which it has taken Westerners centuries to work out—if we have worked them out—lies like a carcass on the plains of Asia while the Western Powers and the financial powers within the nations wait like greedy vultures, held in check only by their mutual jealousy. It is the old, old story—the story of Morocco, of the Bagdad Railway, of the partition of Africa, and the end of the book is war.

Germany is disarmed; Austria is disarmed; Hungary and Bulgaria are partially disarmed; Russia has fewer soldiers than before the war—but Europe has more men under arms today than she had when the Great War found her an armed camp in 1914. She is still an armed camp. France, unable to pay interest on her own debts, unable even to pay the contractors for reconstruction in her own destroyed provinces, France, which pleads despairingly for more reparations, lends 400,000,000 francs to Poland and 100,000,000 francs to Rumania, and maintains a military mission in Czecho-Slovakia, and accordingly those young Powers, born of the war to end war, maintain armies greater than those of their imperial predecessors. We ourselves have a larger

army than before the war, and are constantly being urged still further to increase it. According to President Harding himself—whose figures Secretary Weeks will hardly attempt to dispute—we spend 85 per cent of our national revenue on wars, past and future.

Nothing can be gained by sugary optimism. We must know where we stand. Nor will mere machinery help us. A world court, useful as it may be, will not get us very far without a new spirit in international relations. While France is in a mood to feel insulted and peevish when the Pope and the British Government indorse Mr. Hughes's suggestion for expert determination of what Germany can pay; while the representative of the United States can thump his fist upon the table at a Pan-American Conference and rule out the Monroe Doctrine from discussion by the American nations, declaring that it is a "unilateral" policy of the United States; while even the League of Nations, hailed by so many as a mechanical solvent of the world's ills, still bars Germany and Russia from the rightful position of full equality with the Entente Powers in the world's councils; while the Powers barter for oil rights in Turkey when talking of protection for Armenians, there is small ground for optimism.

Yet there are steps which may be taken, and it is in the power of the United States, fortunately removed from the immediacies of European hates, to take them. It may be impossible, for the present, to stop the economic and financial rivalries which are such fertile breeders of war, but there are indications that the financial powers are tending to become internationalized and to adjust their differences without intervention by governments, and meanwhile there are things that governments may do. We believe that Mr. Harding is sincere in his respect for the principle of judicial settlement of international disputes for which his speeches plead so fervently. Let him join hands with Senator Borah, with whom he finds himself in unexpected agreement, in the Senator's plea for submission of *all* disputes to a court. Suppose, instead of hemming and hawing about reservations designed to safeguard the isolationist policy of the United States, he should call a conference which would exceed in dramatic interest and in historical significance the Washington Conference with which he began his Administration, and that he should open it by saying to the representatives of the Powers assembled: "Gentlemen, there is no issue which cannot better be settled by a court than by a war. There is no national right or interest so sacred that it can stand above Right. I have consulted with the members of the Senate of the United States and I am able to say that the United States is prepared to submit every dispute which may arise between it and any other nation, great or small, to a world court. That, gentlemen, means that we are prepared to outlaw war, and that in turn opens the way to larger measures of disarmament than we have yet discussed, and to new hope for us all."

It sounds wild and chimerical? It is a possible step. And unless we conceive and take some such step, something which will catch the emotion of the world and give it one of those dramatic wrenches which sometimes do lift it out of its crusted ruts, we will bear our share in condemning the world to a repetition of the murderous cycle through which we have just passed, on an even more colossal scale.

After Florida, Alabama

THE ghost of Martin Tabert of North Dakota, killed in a convict camp in Florida, has not yet found peace and where it walks society is troubled. Alabama citizens are asking their legislature why their State should be the last in the Union to cling to the barbarities of the convict-leasing system. After damning reports by legislative committees in 1915 and in 1919, it voted to abolish the practice, but twice since that time pro-leasing forces have managed to have the old leases extended. The anti-leasing forces are replying with reports of working conditions and cruelties in the convict-operated mines. They are concerned that convicts have to walk four miles after entering the mine, down the rough, wet, dripping slope to their work, and at night toil back, with the result that they seldom see the light of day except on Sundays. They are concerned that 25 per cent of all mine deaths in Alabama were among convict miners, although more than 250 mines employ free labor and only four are convict operated. They are concerned that 90 per cent of all cripples and 80 per cent of all the tubercular patients in the entire convict department come from the mines. They are saying that death, mutilation, and disease should not be added penalties to the sentences imposed by the courts. They are asking where lay the value of abolishing the lash in July, 1922, since wooden clubs and metal pipes have taken its place, and a common punishment is a coffin-like box in which convicts are fastened by their hands, their feet scarcely touching the floor.

But Alabamans are apparently little concerned with the creeping into the State of the insidious "contract" system that quibbles at the law and perpetuates all the evils of the old "lease" system. It matters not a jot whether the contractor buys the labor of the convict or the product of that labor. Workers are still speeded up under the piece system, and the brutality and graft arising out of dual supervision remain. A few weeks ago a private manufacturing company—sometimes called the "convict labor trust" from its use of 1,600 prisoners in Kentucky, Wisconsin, Wyoming, and Oklahoma, as well as Alabama—began operating the new shirt factory in the Kilby prison. They propose to pay the State seventy-five cents a dozen for shirts made and packed, which, according to the National Committee on Prisons and Prison Labor, is not more than half the cost in free factories, with \$150 per month for cartage and overhead charges, which will mean an actual loss to the State.

We do not contend that the able-bodied prisoner should not work—in all kindness he should. Alabama could do no better than to adopt the program laid down by the National Committee on Prisons and Prison Labor and adopted, almost without exception, by the seventeen States represented at the first national prison industrial conference at Washington last March. The plan separates the mentally and physically unfit from the able-bodied, and provides for training or treatment so that the convicted may be returned to society "cured" persons. Economic and industrial considerations stand first, and, to this end, the "States'-use" system calls for a standardization of specifications for commodities needed by the departments of all States and the manufacture of those commodities by State prison factories, State managed, and paying a proper pro-rated wage to the prison employee. This is not a mere theory; it is developing in Massachusetts, Virginia, New York, New Jersey, and Ohio.

The White Man's Burden

SOME of the most troublesome controversies in the history of the British Empire have centered in the relation of the white settlers to the indigenous colored races of Africa. Scarcely less vexatious is the question of the civil rights to be allowed to the Indian subjects of the Crown. When these two problems present themselves simultaneously in the same area, there results a complication of exceptional difficulty. This is what is happening in the Crown colony and protectorate formerly known as British East Africa and now called Kenya. This is a tropical district of 245,060 square miles, with Abyssinia on the north and the Tanganyika mandate area on the south. It has a population of 2,630,000, of which only 9,650 are white Europeans and 36,000 are Asiatics, mostly Indians.

The occasion of the triangular duel being fought in Kenya between Europeans, Indians, and Africans is the demand of the Indians for equality with the Europeans as regards the franchise, conditions of land tenure, and restrictions on immigration and residence. They back their claims by appealing to a resolution of the last Imperial Conference in favor of removing the disabilities of British Indians in various parts of the empire. Their demand was recently expressed in a resolution of the Indian Council of State, on the motion of Mr. Srinavasa Sastri, the representative of India at the Washington Conference. Principle apart, it is urged on their behalf that Indians colonized the East African littoral before the whites, that the establishment of a British protectorate was due to the influence of Indian traders with Arab rulers and native chiefs, and that they perform a useful service by acting as intermediaries between the Europeans and the Africans.

The European settlers are almost unanimous not only in opposing these claims but in demanding the exclusion of Indian immigrants altogether. They declare that those who come to Kenya are of a most undesirable type, hindering rather than assisting the development of the country. On the ground that Indian labor lowers the standard of living, the few European wage-earners of the colony are as hostile to the Indians as are their employers. Certain pledges made by Lord Milner in 1920 are quoted by the whites in defense of their position.

Meanwhile, what of the original inhabitants? The history of African exploitation forbids one to attach much value to the professed solicitude of the Europeans for the welfare of the native population as the main ground of their objection to the Indian. What the natives themselves think of the matter is in dispute; many of them are said to regard with disfavor any suggestion that these outsiders should be admitted to a civil status higher than their own. There can be little love lost between these blacks and either Indians or Europeans.

The final authority in the matter lies with the Colonial Office in London. The decision will be a critical one. The question has aroused acute feeling in India, where the disabilities of Indians in Africa are resented as an intolerable indignity, so much so that their continuance will certainly stimulate revolutionary agitation. On the other hand, the handful of Europeans in Kenya affirm their determination to drive the Indians out anyhow—if necessary, by making Kenya a territory over which the Union Jack will no longer fly.

Slavery or Self-Extinction

A Forecast of Europe's Future

By BERTRAND RUSSELL

FROM the dawn of civilization until the present day almost everything of value to art and literature and science has been produced in the neighborhood of the Mediterranean (with the exception of the art and literature of China). Europe has decided that this is now to cease, and that the old homes of culture are to revert to barbarism—for how long a period no one can guess. This will produce great changes, some good, some bad. What is perishing in Europe naturally looks to America—with what hope it may—to keep alive whatever may have had value in our way of life. "Morituri te salutamus."

It is customary, in philosophizing about history, to attribute great events to great causes. This is due to our prejudice in favor of rationality, not to any valid reason. It is said that Napoleon fell because he ate a peach after the battle of Dresden. The peach gave him indigestion; indigestion made him omit to order the pursuit; the failure to pursue made him lose the battle of Leipzig, which made his fall inevitable. I do not vouch for this story. I only say it is just as likely to be true as the more respectable accounts of "serious" historians, i.e., historians who will not admit anything contrary to their conception of the dignity of history.

I believe that the Great War and its consequences have throughout been affected by accidents just as trivial as Napoleon's peach. If another man than Sir Edward Grey had been British Foreign Secretary in 1906, he might not have helped the Czar to suppress the first Russian Revolution, and a democratic Russia would have been less anxious for war than the Czarist Russia of 1914. If the Austrian Emperor, who was a very old man, had happened to die a few years sooner than he did, his successor's pro-Entente sentiments might have sufficed to prevent the ultimatum to Serbia. If the British Government had announced either that it would intervene, or that it would not intervene, no war would have taken place; in the first case Germany would have given way, in the second case France and Russia. The fact that our policy [Great Britain's] was what it was—namely, to assure France and Russia that we should intervene while allowing Germany to hope we should not—was not due to any large causes, but merely to the fact that there was an inner clique in the Cabinet which was engaged in deceiving the rest of the Cabinet, and was therefore obliged to proceed by discreet whispers. If the war could have been averted for a few years, socialism in Germany and revolution in Russia might have prevented it permanently. If America had remained neutral in 1917, Kerensky would have obtained the reasonable peace desired, at that time, by Russia and the democratic elements in England and France. If we had had, at the armistice, a prime minister who preferred the survival of European civilization to a few more years of office, we should not have had a general election at the end of 1918, and the Treaty of Versailles would have been so different as to be a possible basis for reconstruction. All these misfortunes required small personal idiosyncrasies as an essential part of their cause.

Since the Treaty of Versailles things have been different. Europe has marched to its fate like a hero of Greek tragedy, inevitably and by the force of destiny. The passions enshrined in that document were such that only a miracle could have prevented disaster.

At the moment of writing, the French are in the Ruhr with the benevolent neutrality of England. Our benevolent neutrality is necessary in order to secure French support against the Turks, whom the French made strong in order to put us in this dilemma. For the sake of our imperialistic aims in the Near East we are willing to see Germany annihilated. All thinking people in England, of whatever party, are strongly anti-French, but most people are unthinking and are still anti-German as the result of war-time propaganda. Moreover those who are most anti-French are withheld from vigorous action by the fear of war with France, which no one desires if it can be avoided. The French, strange to say, are not much impressed by our belated mood of generosity to Germany. They know that we went into the war with three objects: (1) To destroy the German navy; (2) to destroy German trade and shipping; (3) to annex the German colonies. Having secured these objects we naturally became indifferent to the French objects, which took longer to secure. But until we restore the German ships and the German colonies to their former owners, the French can hardly be expected to believe in our altruism. Meanwhile we are reckoning that the ruin of the Continent need not involve our ruin, since we can still trade with the Far East, South America, and the British Empire. We reckon that France must come to grief in her present policy, and that Germany and Russia can be counted on, in the long run, to produce that weakening of France which we require for the balance of power. We do not propose, therefore, to do anything to avert the final ruin of the whole Continent, which we clearly perceive to be coming. The Labor Party, of course, takes a different view, but unfortunately it is not in power.

Assuming, as I fear we must, that France remains unreasonable and England remains passive, it seems probable that the French will be drawn further and further into Germany, that they will be forced into considerable expenditure, and that they will not get another cent from Germany by way of reparations. They may attempt to work the Ruhr coal themselves, but they are not a great industrial nation and they are not likely to make a success of it. Gradually the Germans will be driven into the arms of the Bolsheviks; if the French are to keep us neutral they must antagonize the Turks. France is already on the verge of bankruptcy, not because the French are poor, but because they dislike taxes. If the Government attempts to tax them sufficiently to balance the budget, it will fall and be replaced by an anti-imperialistic government. This alternative is desirable, but very improbable; what is much more probable is that no attempt will be made to make both ends meet, and that the franc will go the way of the mark. In that case, the French peasants who have lent to the Government will ultimately become indignant, and there will be

civil war. Before that stage is reached, France will cease to be able to support her partisans in Poland and the Little Entente, which, perhaps under Italian leadership, will veer toward Germany. We shall then have 1914 over again, with France in the place formerly occupied by Germany. The end can only be complete collapse of all the belligerents, decay of industry, death by starvation of the professional classes, and survival of a much-reduced population almost exclusively composed of peasants. From that stage it will be possible to begin reconstruction, as in Charlemagne's time.

It is not possible for England alone to prevent this development, because, even if we threatened the French with war, they would not stop in their present mood, so that we should have to fight and be involved in the universal ruin. It is possible for us to remain spectators and survive as a satellite of America, just as Holland survived as a satellite of England after her brief glory in the seventeenth century.

It is possible for the Americans, should they so desire, to decree a different development for Europe from that which seems probable if we are left to ourselves. If America chose to take a firm line with the French about the invasion of Germany, the French would certainly give way, just as we gave way about Ireland and naval supremacy in 1921. America could insist upon a revision of the punitive clauses of the Versailles treaty, and could give Germany a chance to revive. I understand that such a course is desired by finance and big business, but is deprecated by most other opinion throughout the United States. Perhaps it will not be considered impertinent if I set out the pros and cons as they appear to an internationally minded European.

There are, of course, two obvious arguments, one on each side. For taking part in the affairs of Europe, there is the argument that America has invested a great deal of money on this side of the Atlantic, and that all except the part invested in Great Britain is likely to prove a bad debt; on the other hand, if Europe could be stabilized, there would be room for the investment of vastly larger sums than have been already invested. This argument is straightforward and sound from its own point of view. On the other side there is the argument that any participation in European affairs means the beginning of a career of imperialism, economic if not military and naval. This is undoubtedly true, and it is also true that imperialism of any sort is regrettable from a liberal point of view. Nevertheless I cannot attach much weight to the argument, because I think that, human nature being what it is, America is absolutely certain to embark upon an imperialistic career within a few years. The only question to my mind is whether American intervention shall happen now, while there is still something to save in Europe, or whether it shall happen some years hence, when we shall have sunk to the level of Haiti and be treated in the same way.

It is not, however, *quite* true to say that this is the only question. There is another, namely: If America intervenes now and "saves" Europe, will Europe be any better off than if she damns herself? This is not such a simple question as it seems. If Europe is allowed to collapse into chaos, European industry will collapse, and American protectionism will probably be strong enough to hinder Americans from reviving it. All that has happened to Europe since the Renaissance will drop off like an outworn skin, to be succeeded by communities of poor and pious peasants. Such communities would offer little temptation to economic

imperialism, which would turn rather to South America and the Far East. After some centuries of repose, they might again give birth to art and science, as after the Dark Ages; perhaps they would learn them again from Chinese missionaries. After a half-century of horror, during which the non-agricultural population would be dying of hunger in the intervals of killing each other, the reduced population might become fairly happy, and be forced into sanity by penury. This is the most optimistic view of the future if we are left to ourselves at this crisis.

Now, let us consider the other alternative. Suppose America were to intervene with a view to keeping the present states of Europe in being and preserving our industry from collapse. It is fairly clear that this would be to the interest of our American creditors, among whom the government is the chief. It is certain, however, unless one assumes that Americans do not share the ordinary frailties of *homo sapiens*, that intervention would not be unselfish and that the capital by which our industries would be kept going would be increasingly American. The result of this would be to make us poor, which matters little, and to make our culture American, which matters a good deal. But perhaps it is not clear why our culture should become American, nor why it should matter if it did. I will say something on both points.

The culture of a country in the narrow sense—its painting, theater, music, literature, science, etc.—may be supported by the state or by private patrons. Certain forms may be supported popularly—cinemas, music-halls, sentimental fiction are cases in point. But it is generally agreed that the popular forms are not, as a rule, the best; even those who only go to cinemas admit that Shakespeare is better. Most of the best poetry and music of the past is a product of court life—for example, Homer and Mozart. In our own day all that is best depends upon state endowment or the support of rich men. This applies to science quite as much as to art. It follows that, if Europe is very poor and America is very rich, patronage will go to those who please American taste, and higher education will be so conducted as to produce a result which can obtain money from Americans. Universities will be endowed by men like Mr. Rockefeller, whose ideals will gradually percolate into elementary education and imbue the whole population. Europeans who go to America rapidly become 100 per cent Americans, and those who remain in Europe will do so somewhat less rapidly if the capital by which their industries are kept going is American.

I cannot suppose that any patriotic American would see anything to regret in such a consummation, and I am therefore compelled, with all possible politeness, to explain why I should regard it as regrettable. American civilization is not a special kind, like the civilizations of India and China; it is merely the result of mechanism applied to Europeans. European countries become like America in proportion as they become industrialized. America, owing to the fact that it is a new country, has offered less resistance to mechanism on the ground of old tradition than European countries have, and has therefore shown sooner than we have what sort of culture industrialism tends to produce. I think myself, for many reasons, that industrial culture has grave defects which are not likely to be remedied except by contact with non-industrial communities or ideals. In the absence of such contact I believe that it gradually kills all instinctive joy of life, and will lead, by war, revolu-

tion, or sterility, to race suicide. For this reason, I would rather see Europe composed of ignorant peasants than see its complete conquest by the mechanistic outlook.

There is, of course, another possibility. There may be, in America, a revolt against mechanism, an increasing desire to enjoy life without sacrificing everything to efficiency. The popularity of books like those of Sinclair Lewis makes this not unthinkable. But I doubt whether

Puritan ideals—which are those best suited to industrialism—can be eradicated under several generations, in view of the immense momentum of the educational system. Such questions, however, are more cheerful than those which our folly has brought upon us in Europe. Only two alternatives remain for us: mutual extermination or slavery. If we were wise, no doubt we should choose slavery. But we are not wise.

These United States—XXXIII*

OKLAHOMA: Low Jacks and the Crooked Game

By BURTON RASCOE

POLITICS in Oklahoma are, if anything, not much more corrupt than they are, say, for instance, in the city of Boston. The economic parity in Oklahoma is, if anything, not much more out of balance than it is, say, for instance, in the city of New York. The averages of literacy and intelligence in Oklahoma are little lower than they are, say, for instance, in the city of Chicago. The difference is that whereas in these great urban communities one may easily live in comfortable ignorance of the socio-economic condition that sustains one, there is in the State of Oklahoma no city large enough to conceal the hideous aspect of its fundamental organization. The sinister and discomfiting skeleton is not only devoid of all the draperies, rouge, rice powder, and mascara of civilization; it is not even presentably filled out with the fat and tissue of human illusions.

It is not that Oklahomans are men and women set aside as an especially enigmatic exhibit in the mysterious way God moves His wonders to perform. They only seem so. That is because the State is so young and unpopulous as never to have acquired a social fabric with a nap of culture: it is a haphazard homespun every thread of whose woof is visible. An Oklahoman knows, if he keeps his eyes open at all, everything that is going on about him and he knows that it is not conducive to respect and solicitude for his fellow-men. It is the worst possible place for an idealist and, since most people of normal intelligence and decent instincts are weighted in adolescence with the impedimenta of illusions, they either shed their burden and become Oklahomans or shake the State's dust from their feet at the first opportunity. As a result the Oklahoma towns and cities are constantly being drained of their young and vigorous blood, blood which might redeem them from the mental, moral, and spiritual torpor into which, since statehood, they have fallen. Even in the larger towns such as Tulsa, Oklahoma City, Muskogee, Okmulgee, and Shawnee, the population, on the whole, is transient. People come and go in them with such rapidity that it is often difficult for one to discover a familiar face in the streets after a few years' absence. Only those who are anchored by real estate and resignation remain.

The reason is fairly obvious. Oklahoma has been, from the first, a boomer State, even before it was a State—when old Oklahoma Territory was first thrown open to settlers. It was peopled largely by land gamblers instead of home seekers. Like other boomer States, since the days of the

California and through the Alaska gold rushes, Oklahoma was, when it first attracted attention, the goal not of people who wished to till the land, build homes, and develop a commonwealth on secure foundations, but of people who wanted to get rich suddenly and with as little effort as possible. That was the situation before oil was discovered in the State and that discovery intensified rather than diminished pre-existing conditions. The State's cattle and agricultural resources are hardly more than self-sustaining, much less exploitable; but this fact did not prevent the land gamblers from inflating prices out of all proportion to the value of the land's increment. Towns, like Lawton, sprang up overnight with populations of 15,000 or more, on absolutely arid land, unfit even for grazing. They died out, of course, when the inhabitants discovered they could not live solely by trading real estate among themselves. In other towns, like Oklahoma City, more advantageously situated, on intersecting railway main lines and in reasonably productive districts, the boomer spirit was equally disastrous. Such towns were not permitted to grow normally. Their population figures were distorted into an aspect of metropolitanism and the optimistic real-estate boomers set about making the towns live up to these false figures. They sold bonds and erected skyscrapers for which they had no use, and these buildings sometimes remained vacant for years. They sold stock and erected great meat-packing, canning, tanning, and other industries which seldom got farther than buildings and equipment when bankruptcy revealed the enterprises as plain financial swindles, fostered often enough by local chambers of commerce to attract immigrants and sell them real estate. One naturally asks how it was that plain, common foresight did not tell the business men in communities where such things were going on that crashes and depression were bound to follow; but the answer is that there were almost never in these communities any business men in any acceptable use of that term, no business men mindful of the credit system, contented with a legitimate margin of profit, careful of future security; they were boomers, eager to make their immediate pile even at the cost of their established residences, stores, and reputations, and skip elsewhere. They took chances, that is all; they gambled, because the State has been from the first one vast roulette wheel played by adventurers from other States.

True enough, it has its farmers who bear the burden of producing the food, its manual laborers, small shopkeepers, clerks, and other accretions of industrialism which give some semblance of a permanently organized society; but behind them all is the gambling spirit producing probably the

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vulgarest low comedy offered anywhere under the name of democratic government. Where else is afforded a spectacle similar to this: The theft by night of the State papers from the Capitol in Guthrie by automobile bandits from Oklahoma City who sped back and established the State capital in the Lee-Huckins hotel; the indictment of a governor and a State bank examiner for graft arising from false statements of solvency of banks under State supervision; the emptying of the State prison overnight by a lieutenant governor who held the reins of government for a few hours in the absence of the governor and issued pardons at so much a head; all the important State officials selected by a lawyer for a great oil corporation, to whom they are in debt for campaign expenses incidental to their jobs and for whose laws and political wishes they are merely the agents and office boys; graft so prevalent and inalienable a feature of State government that the only citizens who are not partaking of it are the stupid or unlucky?

Let us consider for a moment the history of a State in which such a spectacle is possible. When the western part of the territory which the United States Government had reserved as a haven for the Indians who had been driven out of the other States was thrown open to land grabbers, certain portions were designated as Indian reservations and as school land. The remainder, up to a stated number of acres, was his who first staked it out as a claim. The west and southwest were suitable only for cattle raising; the northern and northeastern sections were soon a rich grain-producing region, yielding wheat, oats, barley, corn, alfalfa, and milo maize. The central, eastern, and southern sections of the territory were given over to cotton, corn, alfalfa, and potatoes. There was coal to be mined near El Reno, Oklahoma City, and Guthrie. At first, except in the extremely fertile districts, there were extensive ranches and cattle ranges, acquired by the enterprising, and these were in due time fenced off and converted into small farms. Settlers out of the bleak hills and rocks of Arkansas, the dry prairies of Kansas and Texas, the swamps of Louisiana, and the barren lands of southern Missouri came through in covered wagons, prepared to establish homes. They found that the better portions of the land had already got into the hands of people who were holding them for speculation—town residents, bankers, real-estate operators. To acquire land one had either to pay a whopping price for it or marry an Indian woman. This latter method was a favorite one with a great many who were not already burdened with a family. Each adult Indian woman had 160 acres in her own right, as a government land grant, and for each child she should have there would be additional grants of 160 acres. At first there was also a government allotment of money to full-blooded Indians and to such children as they bore. This proved an allurements not only to a great many white men but to Negroes as well, and as a consequence black and white squaw men and their progeny came into possession of such desirable lands as had not already fallen into the clutches of speculators and land operators.

There was established then almost from the first an agricultural caste system, divided into landowners, tenant farmers, and share-croppers. Less than 30 per cent of the farmers of the State own the land they work. The landowners rarely live on the land they own. They rent it to tenant farmers or leave its yield to the industry and intelligence of the share-croppers. A tenant farmer has his own teams and implements, cows, hogs, and chickens;

he undertakes to till the land, pay for the extra farm labor, and market the crops. If he does not rent outright he pays over to the landlord a stated share of the gross proceeds on the farm for the year. The share-cropper is among the most pitiable of human beings. He owns nothing whatever except the clothes on his back. He usually has a wife and numerous children. These, and his own bodily strength, are his assets. The landlord provides him with a house in which to live, teams and implements with which to work, and, often enough, an advance of money for food while he is laying in the crops. He and his wife and children perform the labor in the fields and get in return a fraction of the yield of the crops.

The only way he knows of meeting the situation is that of voting the straight Democratic ticket if the Republicans happen to be in office, or of electing Republicans if the administration is Democratic. Mankind, to him, has three constituents: Democrats, Republicans, and the others, roughly classified as Reds. Without differentiation he includes among the Reds: socialists, anarchists, syndicalists, I. W. W.'s, Catholics, Jews, pacifists, labor unionists, atheists, and what not. If he is a Republican it is conceivable to him that a man may be a Democrat without being a menace to the community, or if he is a Democrat he will concede that a man may be a Republican and still be only misinformed politically; but it is not conceivable to him that a man may be neither a Democrat nor a Republican and still hold a shred of honor. The most persistently and mercilessly exploited human being in the country, he is the most zealous and intractable upholder of the politico-economic system that exploits him. Let him hear that some other share-cropper as illiterate as himself has been converted to socialistic doctrines and he will help his fellow Ku Klux Klaners that night give the poor wretch a tar bath and a coat of chicken feathers. He will not suffer for a moment anything that threatens his privilege of being mulcted.

Although the State has the most rigid banking laws, bringing all banks under State or Federal supervision, most banks in all but the larger cities are not banks at all; they are the offices of a group of men whose principal business is real-estate speculation, horse-trading, and mortgage foreclosing. Their depositors are not farmers; they have nothing to deposit. The bank officials are their own depositors who lend their money out at usurious rates. The State usury law limits the interest rate to 7 per cent. But this is the way it works. Farmer Brown has a span of mules worth in the market \$650 and farm implements worth a couple of hundred dollars more. He needs \$200 for food and for the salary of farm hands to tide him over until he has finished bringing in his crop. Early in the season he has already mortgaged his crop at the bank for the money necessary to live on while he is planting his crop. He applies for a loan of \$200, giving as security a mortgage on his mules and implements. He receives \$175 in cash and is obliged to sign a note promising to pay back \$200 at 7 per cent. In other words, \$25 in interest is collected from him before he gets his money. The amount subtracted from the original loan varies according to the pressure of the farmer's need and the negotiability of his securities. Sometimes the amount deducted from a loan of \$100 is as much as \$30. If he invokes the usury law (as some poor devils have done) he is blacklisted by every bank in the State and thereafter cannot borrow a cent, no

matter what security he has to offer. If his crops fail or if the market price for his produce does not enable him to pay off his note or notes at the bank and he is unable to dig up more security, the mortgage is foreclosed.

A generous national government reserved the most fertile sections of the country for those Indians which it had hopes of making over into good and industrious citizens. It had been unable to tame the Apaches, Comanches, and Arapahoes, so it permitted them to die out of boredom in great numbers, under the armed surveillance of Federal troops in the arid regions of the southwest part of the State. The Osages, heirs to fertile broadlands in the north-central section, and good farmers by inclination and training, became, proverbially, the richest nation, per capita, on the face of the globe. Discovery of oil upon their lands and upon the lands of many of the Creeks and Cherokees (who had been granted nice rocky hills to roam around in) made millionaires of many of these original citizens of the country. The Seminoles and Creeks intermarried freely with the Negroes; and the Pottawottomies, Shawnees, Sacs and Foxes, and Cherokees intermarried equally freely with the whites. The Cherokees had a language and even a literature of their own; but with rare exceptions the Indians have not taken cordially to the blessings of the civilization which has been offered them. The Apaches, Comanches, and Arapahoes actively resented it as long as they were numerous, and even after they were shut up in stockades they occasionally broke out and scalped a few settlers. The Osages and the mixed breed Seminoles, Pottawottomies, Cherokees, Shawnees, and Creeks tilled their land, or had it tilled for them, and complied in some degree to the customs of the whites; but the full-blooded Indians, even of the younger generation, have consistently refused to embrace white culture. They live in tribal communities; they wear their beads, moccasins, and blankets; they hold such ceremonial dances as the government will permit them (they are denied the privilege of the war dance); and they allow themselves to be cheated out of their land by the enterprising whites. Under the Federal law, an Indian may dispose of his inherited land, but not of his original allotment, when he has reached the age of twenty-one. Knowing this, in every county seat in the State, land sharks literally sit around on the doorsteps of the county buildings waiting for old Indians to die and young ones to come to the age of twenty-one. These sharks know how much land each Indian can dispose of, what it is worth at the current land valuation, the date of the Indian's birth, his guardian, and his personal disposition.

Here is a typical instance of what goes on every month in a dozen different counties. The two leading bankers, which is to say the leading land sharks, in rival towns had their eye on the property of an Indian who had 800 acres of bottom land, worth at the lowest estimate \$300 an acre as prices go. Two weeks before the youth's birthday one of them stole a march on the other, invited the boy on a trip, took him to Chihuahua, Mexico, got him drunk, showed him a riotous time in the redlight district, crossed the border back into the State on his birthday, had the deeds drawn up for him to sign, giving him \$8,000 in cash for \$240,000 worth of property, got his signature, and rushed the deed through the probate court the next day.

So much, in sketch, for the productive complexion of the State exclusive of its bonanza of gas, oil, and coal—a comparatively recent discovery, and already, according to many

expert estimates, a source of wealth that is rapidly being exhausted. The general features attending the discovery of oil in the Tulsa-Sapulpa and Ada-Ardmore districts do not differ in essentials from the turn of events such a discovery brings about in every State. There was, of course, the rush of adventurers, oil promoters, highjackers (an oil-region term for murderous robbers), laborers, and camp followers. Until Tulsa amassed a wealth in its local banks which compared favorably with that of St. Louis and Kansas City it was, like most of the smaller oil towns now, a gay and lawless community, with gambling houses running wide open, a redlight district in full blaze, moonshine whiskey readily obtainable throughout the periods of senatorial, State, and national dryness, and the frenzied excitement prevailing which is always a concomitant of sudden visions of wealth. Millionaires were made overnight, and men and women who had until yesterday toiled barefooted in the fields trying to wrest a meager living from the sandy and rocky soil suddenly found themselves in possession of incomes from oil leases amounting to thousands of dollars a week.

This sudden acquisition of unexpected wealth on the part of illiterate white settlers had its comic aspect: they knew but two or three ways of spending it—buying high-priced and luxurious automobiles and tearing them up on the rocky roads, only to buy new ones; chartering special cars for a trip to Niagara Falls or to Washington; and buying diamonds. They tell of a wealthy Osage who inspected the cars for sale in Oklahoma City and found nothing to please him until he chanced upon a white hearse, which he purchased forthwith. This vision and fact of sudden, immense wealth has also its tragic side. The farmers, the normal producers of the State, live buoyed up by the hope that some day oil will be discovered on their land. Meanwhile they persist in the most backward agricultural methods obtaining in any State in the Union, and market their produce through the most inefficient and wasteful channels of middlemen and profiteers it is possible to imagine.

Within the last year the Oklahoma Cotton Growers' Association, a sort of farmers' union, has been perfecting a cooperative scheme for marketing and warehousing which may check some of the losses the farmer ordinarily sustains in the disposal of his cotton. Another part of the plan of the association is to limit the acreage in cotton to prevent overproduction. I was privy to one such agreement by the assembled farmers of one county. The following spring every single one of them increased his cotton acreage by at least a third, on the theory that every one else would decrease his acreage, the price of cotton would go up, and he would be the gainer. There was an excess of cotton produced throughout the country that year; the price slumped, and these men who had solemnly agreed to cut their production and raise corn for their stock and potatoes and other vegetables for themselves all but starved.

After such a demonstration of stupidity and covetousness, such a general indifference to the common weal, one grows skeptical of any profound change for the better in the source of wealth, the land; and this skepticism is deepened by the knowledge that, so long as reports come from time to time that another well has been sunk by oil-stock promoters, hope will spring eternal in the farmer's breast that he will not have to plant either cotton or corn; so he sinks back in sloth and squalor, living principally upon cornbread, salt pork, and sorghum molasses—a diet so

preponderatingly of corn that pellagra epidemics spread through the State every year and children, who by all rules of hygiene should wax strong in the fresh quiet and pure food of the farm, are emaciated, rickety, weak, and fallow, easy preys to malaria, tuberculosis, and pneumonia. This because the mass of the farmers are at once so poor and so greedy that they do not keep cows, and the bulk of such eggs and chickens as they raise they sell in the town markets. There are plenty of schools, good schools for these children to go to; belief in education amounts in Oklahoma to a superstition. The State is heavily burdened with school taxes; a great portion of the land of the State is reserved as a source of income for the maintenance of schools; and there is in force a modification of the Indiana school system which offers probably as fine a public means of education as is to be found in any State. But the physique and minds of the bulk of the farmers' children are stunted by malnutrition; and education in the towns and cities only leads the young men and women to a disenchantment and disgust with a social-political and economic scene from which they are glad enough to escape.

The next article in the series These United States, to appear in The Nation of July 25, will be Kentucky: Where Men Die Standing, by Ben Lucien Burman.

Revolutionary Days in Bulgaria

By THEODOR BERKES

The writer of this account is, we believe, the only correspondent of an American publication who was on the spot when the recent overthrow in Bulgaria took place.

Sofia, June 17

EUROPE, which had heard so many false tales of overthrows in Bulgaria, may not have been surprised by Stambuliiski's fall. Sofia was. Toward three o'clock in the morning on Saturday, June 9, a few hundred shots were fired in Sofia and soldiers marched through the streets; when dawn came the police had disappeared and had been replaced by military patrols. The Bulgarian capital looked like an army camp. Stacks of arms were pyramided in front of the castle as if in preparation for a campaign, and soldiers armed with hand-grenades and accompanied by "goulash-wagons" were drawn up beside them. Circulation in the streets was forbidden, shops were ordered to shut, and when foreigners tried to look out of hotel windows they found themselves face to face with bayonets. The discomfort of the situation was aggravated by the uncertainty as to the future. A few days previously Stojanoff, one of the ministers of the old Peasants' Party cabinet, had replied to threatening letters from some of the Macedonian Komitadji that if they ventured to attack the peasant regime, Sofia and the two Macedonian cities of Kustendil and Petritsch would be turned into cemeteries and not one stone left upon another.

Stojanoff is now in prison and his bloody fantasies remain unrealized. It was only natural that there should be opposition to so arbitrary and violent a regime as that of Stambuliiski. It was plain, after thirty former cabinet ministers had been arrested and some of them condemned to death, after a long series of political murders, after a political and economic dictatorship, after hundreds of Macedonians had been arrested and the Macedonian organizations declared illegal, that a change must come. Stam-

buliiski, a man of extraordinary energy and power, had, to be sure, won the election six weeks before with 544,000 votes against 460,000 for all the opposition parties put together. He held 212 out of 245 seats in Parliament. He had built up an army out of members of his own party and had added the so-called Orange Guard of peasants. Naturally many responsible Bulgarian politicians, however opposed to the Government, were disinclined to gamble under such circumstances with their own lives and with the future of their nation. Despite the fact that the opposition had won its few electoral victories in strategically important cities, it had lapsed into a kind of pessimistic hate of the Government and seemed almost resigned to believing Stambuliiski's boast that he could rule another twenty years.

But unknown even to their own sympathizers a bold committee of action had been formed of one hundred determined opponents of Stambuliiski, led by the present city commander of Sofia, General Lazaroff, the present Prime Minister, Professor Zankoff, and the present Minister of Justice, Smiloff. The Peasant Government had a whole army of spies, but these men carefully sounded out politicians and army officers and worked so successfully and so suddenly that even the army officers who played the decisive role in the overturn were informed of the plan only half an hour before it began. At two o'clock in the morning the army units broke out of the barracks, disarmed the Orange Guards (who surrendered immediately) and the police (only in one quarter was there any opposition and only a few were killed)—and that completed the job in Sofia. The government offices were next occupied, and at three o'clock a revolutionary committee waited upon the King, who knew as little of what had happened as any other citizen of Sofia. After all, ever since Stambuliiski came to power, the King had been only a puppet, accustomed to being threatened with exile if he did not behave; so he signed on the dotted line and issued a ukase dismissing the peasant Ministry and naming the new Government.

This new Government, hoisted into office on the points of bayonets, is a nationalist coalition, including five neutrals, five representatives of the bourgeois parties, and one Socialist. Its chief is the former rector of the university, Zankoff, an able economist, hitherto unknown in politics but reputed to be an extremely energetic man. General Russeff, the new Minister of the Interior, began his career by putting the entire civil administration under military orders and instructing them to proceed relentlessly against all disturbers of public order. Smiloff, the Minister of Justice, a Radoslavist, is one of the ablest orators and one of the most capable men of the young Bulgarian generation.

The public seems to approve the new cabinet, particularly since it contains no one too well known in the past. It was natural that the cities should approve any alternative to the Peasant Government, but it seems that opposition even in the villages has not been very keen. It is significant that men like Turlakoff, Tomoff, and Manaloff, who were formerly associated with Stambuliiski but turned against him because of his violence, have declared that if the new Government respects the liberties and interests of the peasants they will not oppose it. The Communists, who always despised the Stambuliiski system, have as little respect for the new Government which they call a bourgeois regime dominated by soldiers and policemen—and the participation of Socialists in this Government only increases their dislike of it.

All but two of the peasant ministers have been arrested. The former ministers whom Stambuliiski kept in prison have been transferred to their homes and will soon be set free. Stambuliiski fled to his country estate and after a few days' uncertainty was captured and, according to the official report, killed while attempting to escape. Huge crowds gathered in Sofia yesterday expecting to see him arrive as a captive, but their hope of hissing and howling at the man who had lately ruled them was vain.

A detachment of ten men was sent to arrest him at his home. They arrived, fired a salvo, and demanded the surrender of his military guard. The commander of the guard agreed to surrender, but first informed Stambuliiski. Stambuliiski insisted that the soldiers were mere bandits and ordered that they be fired upon. The soldiers thereupon hastily retreated, but Stambuliiski, accompanied by a quickly assembled troop of peasants led by a priest who carried a crucifix in one hand and a hand-grenade in the other, retired to the woods fearful lest the soldiers return with reinforcements. There were small engagements in the woods, and it is reported that the four soldiers captured by Stambuliiski's men were outrageously mutilated. But Stambuliiski's followers gradually deserted him, so he dressed himself up in a raincoat and tourist's cap and appeared in the village of Golak ostensibly as a builder looking for tiles to buy. The mayor of the town, however, recognized him and he had hardly left the village when a group of peasants led by the mayor came after him and took him captive. He denied his identity, but his face was only too familiar. Upon his forced return to the village, he composed a telegram to the new Prime Minister as follows: "I have just learned that my government has fallen and I hasten to surrender. Please send automobile. With greetings, Alexander Stambuliiski." The auto was sent, but on its way back to the capital, according to the official account, it was surrounded by armed adherents of the former Premier and he, while attempting to escape, was accidentally killed. There can be no doubt that the Bulgarian revolution will have a great influence abroad. The new Government has promoted demonstrations before the Entente embassies in Sofia in order to show that the revolution is not anti-Ally, but it has certainly broken many bonds which linked one or another of the Powers with Stambuliiski. No new government is likely to be so loyal to its neighbors or so hostile to the pro-Bulgarian aspirations of the Macedonians. The Little Entente is not likely to be pleased by the rebirth of the old Bulgaria, especially since it owes its existence to bayonet-tips. What the relations of the new Government to Russia—General Wrangel was in Sofia when the revolution took place—and to Turkey will be, remains to be seen.

In any case, there is undoubtedly what the diplomats call "a new situation" in the Balkans, and it is not a very reassuring one.

Contributors to This Issue

BERTRAND RUSSELL, English philosopher and scientist, is the author of many books and magazine articles.

BURTON RASCOE is the literary editor of the *New York Tribune*.

THEODOR BERKES is the correspondent in the Balkans of the *Berlin Tageblatt* and of *The Nation*.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter has been motoring again, this time away from the city; and in the course of a long tour not many days ago he had occasion to reflect upon the institution of hard roads. Concrete, asphalt, brick, and macadam pavements across the country were once the fondest dream of drivers who had to bump from town to town in dry weather and who in wet weather either splashed through a thousand puddles or did not venture forth at all. And now that a number of those pavements are laid and alive with cars, something of the dream does linger about them. You can go so fast and so far, so easily! The road lies smooth and hard ahead. There is plenty of room for other cars to pass, at any speed they like; and the best curves are gradual, with banked sides so that no driver need slow up seriously for a turn. Better yet, the road is becoming more difficult each year to lose. Signs of every color and shape and size are up; there is no longer the necessity of stopping at farmers' houses and asking the way. Delays are fewer and fewer. You now may make a schedule for yourself and be reasonably sure of arrival in Buffalo or Cincinnati at a certain hour of a certain day.

* * * * *

THE Drifter is not unappreciative of these improvements. He relishes ease, and wishes the world more of it. But as he rolled without anxiety or interruption between two cities the other day he could not help wondering if the future of hard roads would not be that they should make travel too easy. Nothing is less adventurous to the Drifter than an ordinary railroad; and here he was comparing the concrete highway with an ordinary railroad. The car ran so evenly, hour after hour, that the driver grew sleepy at the wheel. There was never any question about the way. Neat signs on solid posts at convenient intervals told the miles, and even the tenths of miles, to the next important town—one might almost have said station. Had there been such a question, the route book—one might almost have said time table—lay under the seat to be consulted. Now and then a road gang, looking very much like a section gang, stood aside to let the traffic go by. Great signboards lined the right of way to remind the public of the best in hotels, garters, and breakfast food. In towns, garages and filling stations were more or less perfect images of round houses and water towers. And the Drifter's party arrived at its destination only forty minutes late, after an all day run and one slight mishap with a freight train—or a truck.

* * * * *

IN general the Drifter is not one to lament the good old days, or to see any advantage in adversity. Yet it seems plain to him that a certain exultation no longer is possible to the motorist. You do not exult these days over getting somewhere; you could not have stood still. Purely in the interest of pleasure, the Drifter will avoid the main-traveled roads next time—they are only the city indefinitely extended—and take to the byways, some of which he hopes will conduct him to a region where the roads are alternately bad and good, where few strangers have been before, where the natives have not been bored in advance, and where he can lose himself as often and as completely as chance desires.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Letters to the Editor should ordinarily not exceed 500 words, and shorter communications are more likely to be printed. In any case the Editor reserves the right to abridge communications.

An Amherst Graduate's Answer

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just learned that the trustees of Amherst College have forced Mr. Meiklejohn to resign his presidency of that institution. Knowing something of the condition of the college at the time of his coming to it, the declared purposes for which he was brought there, the support pledged him in the carrying out of his policies, the many ways in which the college has been improved under his guidance, and the genuine distinction brought to it by his leadership, the news of the trustees' action comes as a great shock to me.

Two years ago at the time of the endowment drive, having faith in the program and ideals of liberal education which Mr. Meiklejohn was attempting to establish, I pledged a small amount to help the college in its work of carrying out those ideals. Since, to my knowledge, the trustees and opponents of Mr. Meiklejohn have advanced no ideals of liberal education superior to his, and since no other intelligible reason for his removal has been brought forward, I am forced to conclude that his repudiation amounts to a repudiation of the ideal of liberal training at Amherst. Under these circumstances, in order not to embarrass the trustees, I feel constrained to withdraw my subscription, pledged to the support of an ideal no longer acceptable to them.

EVERETT GLASS, Amherst College, Class of 1914
University of California, Berkeley, June 20

The First Woman Ambassador

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Reviewing some numbers of your paper I find a note concerning the first woman ambassador which should be corrected. When the Karolyi government came into power in Hungary Madam Rosika Schwimmer was appointed ambassador to Switzerland—November 19, 1918—until March 21, 1919, she held that position. At that date the government passed into the hands of the Communists, the pacific government of the Karolyi group was at an end, and Madam Schwimmer returned to Budapest.

Chicago, June 9

FLORENCE HOLBROOK

Mental Overfeeding

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Lectures on Oriental rugs and on engineering problems of the Catskill aqueduct may indeed furnish intellectual pabulum for the college student, but are they not part of that already too heterogeneous diet of the non-academic which is causing mental indigestion?

One solution would seem to lie in the direction of giving the students less food for thought and more leisure for thinking. Colleges like Bryn Mawr, where the student takes three five-hour instead of the customary five three-hour courses, and like Smith, where the superior students are allowed to do concentrated work rather than attend many classes, have taken a step on the right path. However, the reform must go further than that, and colleges which are raising the hue and cry against so much dissipation of energy in athletics and non-academic activities need to realize that the many extra-curricular interests offered by the colleges themselves under the guise of "broadening" the intellectual life of the students merely serve as part of that overstimulation so pandemic in college and univer-

sity life today. What will be the thought product of undergraduates living in the atmosphere suggested by the following schedule of one of the leading women's colleges?

Monday. First of a series of four lectures on politics and government—12 m.
Maids' play—8 p. m.
Tuesday. Lecture on Oriental rugs—4:30 p. m.
Wednesday. First of six lectures on India.
College party—8 p. m.
Thursday. Lecture on ethics and government—12 m.
Lecture before an open meeting of the Science Club on "Engineering Problems of the Catskill Aqueduct"—4:30 p. m.
Lecture on "Student Movements in Europe in 1922"—8 p. m.
Friday. Piano recital—8 p. m.
Saturday. Glee Club Concert—11 a. m.
Junior Promenade—4:30 p. m.—12 midnight.
Sunday. Chapel—11 a. m.
Organ recital—6:45 p. m.
Lecture on "Some Forces Under the Surface of the Lives of the Working People"—7:30 p. m.
Monday. Lecture on the modern drama—4:30 p. m.

The mentally as well as physically overfed American students present a strange contrast to the young men and women of Central Europe who worry more about their inability to afford paper on which to take lecture notes than their lack of food,

New York, April 5

JANE PERRY CLARK

Why They Subscribe

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is a cause of genuine pleasure to learn that Los Angeles has a board of education sufficiently intelligent to look behind your smoke-screen of "honest journalism," and to appreciate, at their true valuation, your efforts to publish "what is really going on in the United States and the world." The board of education, apparently, has divined the real purpose of your activities, namely, the teaching of communism under the disguise of liberalism, and the fostering of literary ideals which, if they were generally adopted, would create an atmosphere redolent of Gomorrah.

My purpose in continuing to subscribe to *The Nation* during these years is solely to study the activities of parlor bolshevism. It is true that there may be more profitable pastime, but it will be difficult to find more interesting phenomena for the observation of the amateur psychologist than the "carryings-on" of our own unwhiskered soviets.

THOMAS L. KELLEY

Fort Winfield Scott, San Francisco, April 23

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It was several issues back I saw in *The Nation* a note from some one of your subscribers who lived in the West. He was complaining bitterly about the stand *The Nation* was taking in behalf of the darker races—"The Rising Tide of Color," as he was pleased to call it—and stated in the same letter that on account of that stand you would please him very much if you would discontinue *The Nation* when his subscription ran out. This subscription is to take its place.

New York, April 28

W. W. WOLFE, M.D.

Who Wants Some Magazines?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If any of your readers can place a quantity of magazines where they will do some good, I shall be glad to hear from them. I have several thousand copies of various kinds and dates, and will be glad to send them prepaid on request, and if preference as to kind is stated, supply them according to that preference so far as possible.

Shiner, Texas, May 29

HARTLEY H. HEPLER

Books

An Eminent American

My Thirty Years in Baseball. By John J. McGraw. Boni and Liveright. \$2.

IT is a pleasure of most agreeable smack, after groaning through such flabby, stupid biographies as that of the late Thomas Nelson Page by his brother, Rosewell, and that of Cyrus H. K. Curtis by his son-in-law, Edward W. Bok, to find the life story of a man of salient and charming personality told simply, honestly, and winningly. Such a man is John J. McGraw, A.B., the distinguished manager of the New York Giants; such a book is his present autobiography. I have heard the usual whispers that he did not write it—that its actual author is a New York sporting reporter. The fact is unimportant if true. In every chapter of it, and almost on every page of it, there is matter that no outsider, however gifted, could have dredged out of the subject without his active and intelligent assistance. He, and he alone, is the man talking, even though he may not be the scribe writing it down, and so he deserves nine-tenths of the credit for the volume's peculiar virtues. He has made, it seems to me, an autobiography that is almost a model. Every reasonable inquiry about his career that an admirer might ask is answered succinctly, and his opinion upon every question within the range of his professional interests and talents is given frankly and clearly. But there he stops: no man could avoid the irrelevant more diligently. He has met in his time, I daresay, most of the great heroes of the newspapers, from Presidents up and down; if so, he forgets it. He has his private views, no doubt, upon the League of Nations, the coal problem, the Ku Klux Klan, baptism by total immersion, the training of children; if so, he withholds them. His book is devoted to baseball, and to baseball alone. It is the best book upon the subject ever printed.

This is simply because Mr. McGraw is the most reflective and ingenious man who has ever devoted himself to baseball as a profession—because his natural talents as a player of the game have been reinforced from the start by a quite unusual capacity for analyzing its problems and devising solutions for them. When he first entered big-league company baseball was still in a relatively primitive stage, despite the high development of individual prowess. Pitching had been brought up to great perfection, catching had emerged from the era of mere human backstops, and there was a growing improvement in fielding and base-running, but there was very little effort to coordinate the skill of one player with that of his fellows, and to make the whole team play as one man. The best pitching was frequently made vain by unintelligent fielding, and even the best fielding was simple, obvious, and devoid of plan. Mr. McGraw's native intelligence made him see the weakness of this scheme of play; combined with his increasing skill and experience, it enabled him to devise a better one. The clubhouse of the old Baltimore Orioles constituted his seminary and laboratory. There he called the first councils of war ever heard of in baseball, and there he gradually developed the first mass plays in the grand manner. The Orioles, in the main, were not great stars; McGraw himself, indeed, was a player of very decided limitations. But when he and his colleagues went on the field with coherent plans in their heads, instead of the old simple trust in God's gifts and the fortunes of war, their playing instantly became five times as effective as it had ever been before, and in a few short months they had mowed down all the visiting stars, revolutionized baseball, and won the national championship.

In his book Mr. McGraw describes some of this now ancient strategy in detail, showing how it was evolved out of the earlier chaos, how it achieved its devastating victories, and how, in the end, as its victims began to penetrate and imitate it, it had

to be changed or abandoned. Most of it seems simple enough, viewed from this distance, but as one who witnessed its first trials I can bear witness that it was by no means transparent then—that it not only puzzled and flabbergasted the poor morons who fell before it, but also stumped the *illuminati* in the Baltimore stands, many of them professors in the Johns Hopkins University and at least 250 years old by the Simon-Binét test. Mr. McGraw is by no means modest about his share in this revolution; in fact, he blows more than one exultant blast upon his bugle horn. The music gives no offense; he was actually the moving force he says he was; not one of his colleagues had half his acumen. To this day, I believe, he remains without a peer. Individual players of enormously greater skill have come and gone, but none of them has ever left such brilliant marks upon the game. The lively ball is his enemy today. It makes things easy for the heavy swatter of the truck-driver or Babe Ruth type, and so tends to convert the game into a mere clown show for the mob. But even this difficulty, I am confident, will fall before the McGrawian ingenuity. One gathers that his mind is busy with the problem, and that he is not without hope. On some bright afternoon, perhaps not far distant, the Crô-Magnon batsmen who now flourish will suddenly wither and die, as the impregnable pitchers of 1893 withered and died before the scientific bunting and base-stealing of the old Orioles. McGraw used to put in his winters keeping a saloon—no low doggery, of course, but an establishment befitting a philosopher and a bachelor of arts. His own steam beer, olives, pretzels, *Blutwurst* and *Kartoffel-salat* shortened his wind and gave him a paunch, and the conversation of his clients whitened his hair. He has thus made his last slide and bitten off his last umpire's ear. But his head is still working.

H. L. MENCKEN

European Celebrities

Eminent Europeans: Studies in Continental Reality. By Eugene S. Bagger. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

MR. BAGGER'S book gives full-length portraits of ten European rulers and statesmen: of King Ferdinand and Queen Marie of Rumania and of John Bratiano, the most powerful of Rumanian statesmen; of Eleutherios Venizelos and the late King Constantine of Greece; of Thomas G. Masaryk, President of the Czecho-Slovak Republic, and Edward Benes, Premier and Minister of Foreign Affairs of that country; of Count Michael Karolyi, President of the short-lived Hungarian Republic, and Nicholas Horthy, the present regent of Hungary; and of Ignace Jan Paderewski, Premier of Poland in 1918-19. Imbedded in the larger canvases are subsidiary sketches, the most notable of which are those of Count Stephen Tisza, Hungarian Premier at the outbreak of the World War, a typical Hungarian magnate of the old school, and of Prince Ludwig Windischgraetz, who was Hungarian Food Minister at the close of the war and who acquired immortality as the "potato prince," because, when the revolution came, he left the country calmly carrying away with him twelve million kronen of state funds destined for the purchase of food for the starving people. *Noblesse oblige!*

It will be noted that Mr. Bagger's list of political eminences is drawn from the second-rate states of Central and South-eastern Europe. Most of his subjects are but little known in this country; but that is no reason why they should not be made known, or pilloried, according to their deserts. It might be objected that the ridiculous Ferdinand, the complacent Bratiano, the White Terrorist, Horthy, even those perfect saints of the Czech lower middle class, Masaryk and Benes, are not representative 100 per cent Europeans. But who can tell? To compare things unknown with things known, are we quite sure that Roosevelt and Wilson, those fine political artists, are more representative of America than the clumsy Taft and the normally mediocre Harding? Is it quite certain that Messrs. Burleson

and Palmer, Daugherty and Lusk are less typical Americans than the editors and contributors of *The Nation*, *New Republic*, and *Freeman*? Even Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn is not quite sure that his genius is more truly representative of America than, say, the genius of Brander Matthews. I may prefer to read of the titans who are battling and toiling for a new social order; but Mr. Bagger prefers to write of the eminences who bear the burden and reap the profits of the old. That being the case, the only proper question is, How has Mr. Bagger done his job?

He has done it, all the difficulties of contemporary biography considered, surprisingly well; throughout with spirit and vivacity, occasionally with a deep insight into the nature of things. The futile Rumanian royalties are exhibited in all their futility, the effect of which is heightened by amusing anecdotes of more or less authenticity. Venizelos and Constantine fight over again their world-renowned quarrel, for which millions of Greeks, Armenians, and Turks, too, have paid in misery, starvation, and death. Proudly Bratiano struts past, held up by his wealth, the name of his father, his princely wife, his high financial connections. Paderewski lives his life over again, sacrificing his composer's ambition for the applause and the emoluments of a great popular virtuoso, sacrificing his possessions and his art for his beloved Poland, sacrificing himself in the pursuit of a political ambition, only to be beaten by the virtuosi of intrigue and demagogy. We see Count Karolyi, one of the greatest magnates of Europe, fleeing with his wife and children, pushing their belongings in a little cart, robbed of everything, but sure of his soul, his pure motives, his benevolent intentions; the one truly noble figure in this gallery of eminences. We see the country squire Horthy rising, ever rising, with Hapsburg aid, with Allied aid, until he is able to send forth his detachment chiefs with blanket warrants "to pronounce and execute sentence on the guilty." The portraits of Masaryk and Benes are not quite so well done; somehow they lack vigor, the sap of life. But what is one to do with such moral, model citizens? So much virtue and goodness, so much adaptability and serviceability may have honestly earned its successes and triumphs, but if you undertake to depict it you do so at your own peril.

In his papers on Venizelos and Constantine, which are among the very best hitherto penned, Mr. Bagger very justly points out that, among Western liberals and radicals, Venizelos is undeservedly in ill repute. They regard him as an imperialist, whereas in reality he is a nationalist, pursuing aims similar to those of Pachitch and Masaryk in our day, or of Mazzini and Cavour in the mid-nineteenth century. The ideal of Venizelos, the union of all the historic seats of Hellenism in one state, seemed at one time on the very verge of realization, although now, after the Ionian catastrophe, its total shipwreck is apparent to all. But Mr. Bagger is at his very best, achieves his finest effects, in the papers on Karolyi and Horthy. There he is on his own native heath—beg pardon, *puszta*—and his analysis of the historically active groups and classes of Hungarian society—the great Catholic landowners, who had made their peace with the Court; the country squires, largely Calvinist, who constituted the official opposition; the army officers, a subdivision of the country squires; the oppressed nationalities, who constituted more than one-half of the total population; the Jews, the intellectuals, the rising trade unions—this analysis, scattered though it is through these two papers, constitutes the most brilliant and delectable as it certainly is the most searching portion of the whole book. It is impossible to convey an adequate idea of it except by quoting a few of Mr. Bagger's sentences: "Stripped of its romantic trappings of race superiority and historic mission and all that sort of thing, Magyar supremacy meant monopoly of land." Since the *Ausgleich* with Austria, the national, i. e., the Magyar, cause had been championed by an oligarchic opposition, which assumed to speak in the name of "the people." The opposition's battle-cry was 1848, the year of revolution and separation from

Austria, while the battle-cry of the Government party was 1867, the year of compromise with Austria and the dynasty. And what was the social meaning of this political division? Mr. Bagger tells us: "Roughly speaking, 1867 was the party of large landowners, Jewish high finance, and the Budapest bourgeoisie; 1848 that of the middle and small landowners, the Calvinist clergy, the burgesses of the smaller cities, and such peasants as had the property qualification for the franchise." And what is the meaning of the counter-revolution and the White Terror? "It was in reality a reaction against Karolyi, not Bela Kun; against the Westernism, the new-fangled ways, the alien, French and English, notions of the Budapest intellectuals. The 100 per cent Magyarism of the country districts, manipulated by the officers of the army and the clique of Budapest politicians, put Admiral Horthy into the saddle."

HERMAN SIMPSON

The Diplomat at His Best

Social and Diplomatic Memories, 1884-1895. By the Rt. Hon. Sir James Rennell Rodd. Edward Arnold and Company.

IT is a sign of the times that the author of this volume thinks it necessary to preface his recollections with an apologia for the old diplomacy. The effectiveness of the traditional system is no longer taken for granted. Indeed, the more popular assumption today is that this system has broken down. Sir Rennell Rodd takes up not so much the cudgels as the rapier in defense of his profession, but more cogent than any of his direct arguments will be the indirect persuasiveness of his delightful picture of the activities and interests of himself and his colleagues. He presents to us here a portrait of the orthodox diplomat at his best.

Certainly the old system has been able to draw into its service not a few men of the highest culture. Educated under Jowett at Balliol, where three other future ambassadors—Cecil Spring-Rice, Arthur Hardinge, and Louis Mallet—were members of his own class, as one would say in America, Sir Rennell has preserved throughout his career the tastes not only of a gentleman but of a scholar and an artist. We find him, while filling a junior post at the Berlin Embassy, relieving the monotony of deciphering telegrams by discussing the history of art with the commercial attaché, Sir Joseph Crowe. His term at Athens is followed by the publication of a book on the "Customs and Lore of Modern Greece" and by another embodying the results of diligent researches in the history of Greece during the Middle Ages. Having four days to spare between boats at Brindisi, he makes a pilgrimage to the home of Horace. Even at Zanzibar, of all places, he gains an unexpected thrill by discovering an unpublished lyric of Heine's. In respect of culture, the "shirt-sleeves diplomatist" will have something to do to catch up with the standard set him by his predecessor.

Perhaps on another side of his interests Sir Rennell will not be so hard to rival. He is not only a scholar, a poet, and an artistic and literary critic but a connoisseur in wines and taverns. He expresses some regret that circumstances have made him a courtier, whereas nature had meant him for a Bohemian. He becomes quickly at home among the habitués of an artists' *kneipe* at Munich, where he finds the company as good as the beer. In his own country as well as abroad he gets into touch with circles remote from either Buckingham Palace or Whitehall. Whistler, Burne-Jones, Mowbray Morris, and Pellegrini are among the names that appear in his records of London life in the eighties. There are some piquant stories of the youthful pranks of Lord Curzon and other Oxford intimates who have since become famous and dignified. This volume is, indeed, a treasury of diverting anecdotes about men and women, known and unknown, whom Sir Rennell has met in England and on the Continent.

He entered the diplomatic service in 1884, when he joined the embassy at Berlin under Lord Ampthill. The general reader

will be keenly interested in his impressions of the old Emperor William, the Emperor Frederick, and the younger William, as well as of the Bismarcks, father and son. The historian will find some useful material here concerning the Morell Mackenzie controversy, of which Sir Rennell, through his friendship with the Empress Frederick, had first-hand knowledge. The publication of Sir Rennell's biography of the Emperor Frederick brought him into the black books of the younger Emperor William, and it was long before the offense was forgiven.

After Berlin came Athens, Rome, and Paris. In Greece, as may be inferred from what has already been said, diplomatic duties at the capital offered less attraction than expeditions in exploration of the country, including the islands. The fascination of these journeys did not wholly lie in their archaeological or antiquarian interest. In Crete, for instance, Sir Rennell met a lady who had had a long and intimate association with Garibaldi and who had many remarkable stories to tell him of the liberator of Italy. In Italy his chief was Lord Dufferin, whom he accompanied to Paris on his transference to the embassy there. Lord Dufferin, we are told, was reluctant to make the change. He quoted to his attaché the story of some famous character who, when asked what life he would have wished to live if he had been free to choose, replied that he would like from twenty to twenty-five to be a reigning beauty, from twenty-five to thirty-five a successful French general, from thirty-five to fifty a wealthy English nobleman, and the rest of life a Roman cardinal. As he could not become a cardinal, Lord Dufferin said he would like to have remained the next best thing, an ambassador in Rome.

It is with a shock of surprise that one finds Sir Rennell, after this diplomatic apprenticeship at the historic capitals of Europe, suddenly switched off to East Africa. At the end of 1892 he was appointed to the charge of the Agency at Zanzibar, which carried with it the High Commissionership of the whole coastal area administered by the East Africa Company, from the Equator to the boundary of German East Africa. From court balls and Balkan imbroglios the chronicle now turns to the suppression of the slave trade and the prevention of the smuggling of fire-arms and hashesh. Of all the unfamiliar problems that now confronted him the most critical and dangerous was that involved in the succession to the Sultanate of Zanzibar. How Sir Rennell, with the cooperation of the officers of the warships in the harbor, met the emergency makes a story whose sensational incidents would make it fit to be "featured" in the supplement of a Sunday paper. Modestly told as it is by the chief figure, it arouses in the reader a keen admiration for the courage and resourcefulness of all concerned. The occasion made a call for qualities that one does not by any means associate with the characteristics of the conventional diplomatist, but Sir Rennell Rodd laid his plans and carried them out with the skill and sangfroid of an old campaigner. With his departure from Zanzibar in 1894 at the age of thirty-five the present record stops. We are promised a supplementary volume telling of his subsequent service in Egypt under Lord Cromer, in Stockholm, and again at Rome, where he spent three years as secretary of the embassy and eleven as ambassador, which last included the period of the Great War.

With all its attractiveness, this picture of the old diplomacy, as drawn by one of the most accomplished of its practitioners, is not likely to convert anyone who believes that international relations in the future will need to be conducted by men of more democratic sympathies and outlook. Wherein the traditional system was lacking is sufficiently indicated by an incidental allusion of the author's to the "alleged infamies" of the collection of rubber on the Congo.

For a book dealing with so many names of persons and places there are few errata to be noted. But Sir Rennell's wits must surely have been wool-gathering when he attributed the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" to "Harriet Ward Beecher"!

HERBERT W. HORWILL

After-War Novels

Time Is Whispering. By Elizabeth Robins. Harper and Brothers. \$2.

The Wrong Shadow. By Harold Brighouse. Robert M. McBride and Company. \$2.

The Return of Frank Clamart. By Henry C. Rowland. Harper and Brothers. \$1.90.

THE philosopher's "revaluation of old values" may legitimately become a function of the novelist. It is, however, an open question whether the exposition of specific current problems, as such, may not rather facilely descend to the level of the diagrammatic editorial. Especially is this true if the writer succumbs to the too obvious expedient of hawking some pet household remedy for the social condition thus indicated. These three novelists are concerned with after-war states of mind in England and the United States. Miss Robins adopts the angle of the older generation; she as well as Mr. Brighouse, who champions youth, is engaged by the conflict of the British landed aristocracy and the new war-made millionaires, the latest phase of the battle between agriculture and industrialism. Mr. Rowland is apparently an ardent newspaper reader; his United States is in the throes of superhuman struggles against insidious foreign drug rings, murder syndicates, and "crime waves," all of which are the "aftermath of the war."

In "Time Is Whispering" Miss Robins develops her thesis in terms of events years before in India, modified by memory and brought to bear upon the matured personalities of her protagonists. Her heroine suggests irresistibly a softened Charlotte Brontë; Miss Robins's character is still "weakness preyed upon by bestiality," still pursued by love-mad men wherever she goes. The flashing melodrama, however, is lacking. Miss Robins's pleas for married love in the middle years are sufficiently generalized without bringing in endless arguments regarding the relative merits of passion and affection in relationships, whether Understanding or Happiness is the *summum bonum*, Near East and Far East politics, Anglo-Indian life from the woman's viewpoint, the taste of the young in art and literature, the place of women in English after-war economics, and the colonizing Englishman. It may be a pretty picture of the ideal of service, but it is hopelessly sentimentalized out of focus.

Mr. Brighouse's competent observations on the habits and outlook of the clerk-and-stenographer school of bohemianism have already furnished him the materials for several of his plays and novels. "The Wrong Shadow" is an excursion in the familiar field, with the addition of a war profiteer. The profiteer is a patent-medicine quack who has both a conscience and an ideal. The conscience refers him constantly to the early partner who discovered his formula for him and disappeared. The ideal involves welfare work for a healthy England. Mr. Brighouse has developed scenes of delightful comedy, and is not too seriously devoted to the solution of the larger issues. The encounter between his profiteer and the long-lost partner is deftly delivered of all its amusing incongruities. As is proper in a summer novel everyone is happy and rich at the end.

The well-worn formula of the reformed crook who turns upon his old associates of the underworld is the basis of "The Return of Frank Clamart." Mr. Rowland brings it up to date by discussions of the prohibition amendment, of the increasing drug traffic, of the need for military preparedness, of the essential "cleanness and right-mindedness" of his fellow-citizens, and of the "crime wave."

Mr. Rowland is a serious-minded young man. The reader is not allowed to have his red-blooded-action yarn until he has fully digested Mr. Rowland's opinions on the score of bootleggers, contraband liquor, the observance of the law, the topsyturvydom of war, and the "national good sense." Then he is plunged into narrow escapes from death, dealings with unscrupulous intelligences with Mexican or German names, and

daring rescues of beautiful women. He is introduced to insidious and deadly new gases and to picturesque characters in high and low life. He is furnished with an unanswerably crushing rejoinder: "Go to Hell!" Try it on the landlord. Mr. Rowland writes with dash and assurance; his novel was first serialized in the *Saturday Evening Post*. It seems a shame that so much energy should be dissipated on arid and superficial ideas.

JOHN W. CRAWFORD

Colors of Spain

Terassa of Spain. By Horace Fish. Mitchell Kennerley. \$2.50.

HORACE FISH'S first novel, "The Great Way," disclosed a spirit strange to contemporary America, unhurrying, given to exploring and recording sentiment, of which American writers seem so much afraid when it is not a matter of "love story" merely. The passion of his book and its humor distinguished it. It was so thoroughly felt throughout. In "Terassa of Spain" he is again vindicating the humanity that subsists between people, old or young men, women, children, in the feeling they have for one another. Possibly the town of Terassa about which these ten stories are grouped has existence only in Mr. Fish's imagination. It is again, as was Dulce in "The Great Way," a vehicle, as the benevolent padre Pedro, the loving, suffering human beings and amusing little boys of Terassa are vehicles of the subtlest propaganda of the fiction writer—persuading of the loveliness of people. The realm this writer's mind inhabits is neither modern America nor dusty and sun-baked Spain. He draws his colors, of the vividest, from a sunny Spanish hill town, it is true, from the bull ring of Barcelona, from word and trait of old priest, wayward girl, circus clown, or bandit. But it is not Spain, it is fiction one encounters here, suited in phrasing sometimes heavily ornate to its romantic content, in sharp contrast with the incisive literalness of a James Joyce in "Dubliners," for example, or even of Proust. If the passion of words causes Horace Fish at times to over-write, it also gives the richness of masterpieces to *The Fighting Iris* and *The Horns of El Dilemma*, stories less written than modeled out of the golden atmosphere of Barcelona with its rags and destitution, its gorgeous crowd, its black-garbed padre, and the vivid tragedy of the bull ring. Of *Apasionada* one can say only it is sheer music. This book of stories makes one wonder what Mr. Fish's progress will be—since another novel is already announced—whether farther into the sentiment of exotic realms, or toward the hastening, noisy, struggling modern world from which his spirit seems so distant. He is one to be watched, for he is now one of our most distinguished prosemen of fiction.

HERBERT J. SELIGMANN

A Philosophical Detective Story

The Emperor's Old Clothes. By Frank Heller. Translated by Robert Emmons Lee. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. \$2.

WHEN the book in question is a novel which has no literary pretensions, but wants to be judged purely from the point of view of so-called "entertainment," then the question naturally is—especially in detective stories like this one—whether the idea is plausible, and whether the mystifying element, that is the suspense, is worked out well enough for the interest to be held to the end. And if these principles are adhered to, and the story is well written, then the book can lay claim to be called "good light fiction." But if in addition to all these points the author permeates his work with a delightful sense of humor, not too proud to joke on his own account, interpolating into the speech of his characters mellow bits of philosophy, then it becomes the duty of the reviewer to remove the book from the rank of light fiction and set it into a place of its own, not too far from the so-called serious books. This reviewer will not tell the story for fear of spoiling the

pleasure of the reader. He will content himself with saying that it deals with the adventures of a writer of detective stories, a man of sedentary habits, who becomes conscience stricken over the fact that he has never witnessed a murder, nor even seen an honest-to-goodness burglar. If a philosophical romance is possible, there is no reason why there should not be a philosophical detective story. And that is what this is.

NATHAN ASCH

Gipsy Tales

Murdo. By Konrad Bercovici. Boni and Liveright. \$2.

TO say that the short stories of Konrad Bercovici are better than the work of most of his contemporaries is to say little. In the Gipsy sagas which he relates is the breath of freedom, the rhythm of poetry, and the sense of intimacy that proves the close imaginative relationship between author and his wild creations. Such a combination is obviously impossible to him who finds subject matter in the current of civilized and humdrum life, and it is not for him who seeks to report the incidents observed in alien surroundings.

It is therefore a foregone conclusion that "Murdo" will have an enthusiastic reception from discriminating readers. Yet it is just as certain that the book will not enhance Mr. Bercovici's reputation. For "Murdo," valuable and interesting in itself, adds nothing to the stature of the author of "Ghitza"; it is an enlargement, not a growth. Moreover, the proportion of stories in this volume which are constructed rather than realized is an indication that Mr. Bercovici has now emptied the bin where the seeds of these tales were stored. Let us hope that the Death of Murdo is the last of his adventures, that he will not return like Sherlock Holmes or Mr. Dooley to sadden us with dull and trivial repetitions of former successes.

JOHAN J. SMERTENKO

Books in Brief

The Poetical Works of Leigh Hunt. Edited by H. S. Milford. Oxford University Press, American Branch. \$3.

This volume, in the admirable Oxford Poets series, is the first "fairly complete" edition of the verse of a minor poet who is also a minor essayist. The two minors come close to making a major.

Self Healing Through Autosuggestion. By Dr. C. F. Winbigler. American Library Service. \$1.25.

The impression that one gets from this book is that Dr. Winbigler would have the reader believe that he, Dr. Winbigler, has just stepped down from the Olympic heights where he wrote what he calls his "large work on suggestion" in order to chat patronizingly with ordinary folk. At the end of the book he gives some formulae for the relief of insomnia and constipation and a few similar common ills. While M. Coué is mentioned but rarely in the text there is obvious similarity in much of the subject matter. Some of the physiological statements in the book are quaint.

English Words and their Background. By George H. McKnight, Ph.D. D. Appleton and Company. \$2.50.

This is a most interesting book. Mr. McKnight makes the study of words a fascinating, romantic sort of adventure. He gives us no suffocating textbook, no philological dry rot, but shows rather how words "illustrate the cultural progress of the race, not only the development of the material elements of civilization, but the progress in knowledge and the changes that have affected modes of thought." Nor does he assume the role of a word dictator. Always accurate and scientific in his presentation, Mr. McKnight is able by means of suggestion and analogy to build up a story of words which, in their infinite possibilities, in their continual state of flux, make up a story of mankind.

International Relations Section

Japanese Students Show Their Opposition to Militarism

U PROAR and expressions of opposition from students took place at the inauguration ceremony of the Waseda University Gunji Kenkyu-dan (Society for the Study of Military Affairs) on May 10, last. As the *Japan Chronicle* tells the story,

Several automobiles of the War Office carried about thirty army and navy officers to the school, including General Shirakawa, the Vice-Minister for War, Generals Nakashima and Ishimitsu, the commanders of the Imperial Guard Division and the First Division, Admiral Furukawa, the director of the education bureau of the Navy Office, Admiral Tsuneda, of the Naval General Staff, and others, their breasts shining with decorations. At the entrance of the university was hanging a flag with characters: "Down with Militarism! Capture the Meeting Hall! Anti-Society for the Study of Military Affairs." When the military officers were entering the hall of meeting, one of the anti-society members cried: "Behold those human butchers!" At the appointed time there was, besides the professors and seventy members of the society, an audience of nearly a thousand students.

Professor Aoyagi, the president of the society, took the rostrum and began: "I—" A student from the audience completed the sentence with "—am a militarist." Loud laughter greeted this sally, which was followed by: "Be ashamed of yourself, Aoyagi!" "He feels no shame; he has sold his soul to the militarists." Professor Aoyagi turned pale, says the *Asahi*, but he courageously said that liberty and discipline never were in conflict. They (the members) were not proclaiming militarism, but nationalism. The rest of his speech was drowned in the noise. The military officers compressed their lips and looked darkly at the disorder. "Who admitted these swash-bucklers into the students' school?" one cried. "Drag them out!" shouted others.

Dr. Shiozawa then took the rostrum and said the audience misunderstood something. "Nothing whatever!" shouted the students.

"Was not Marquis Okuma the president of the Soldiers' Friends Society?" asked Dr. Shiozawa. "Don't misrepresent the spirit of the marquis!" shouted the students. The doctor concluded his speech saying that militaristic national defense was international. Look at Russia. Look at America. They were devoting all their might.

Dr. Takada [the new president of the university], who had been fidgeting in his chair with impatience, betook himself to the platform and gazed on the students fixedly. "Reflect, Takada!" the students shouted, "Have you forgotten the 16th year of Meiji?" (when he stoutly attacked militarism). Dr. Takada turned scarlet with anger and cried that a nation constitutionally governed should respect the liberty of speech at public meetings. He recounted the views of the late Marquis Okuma concerning the army, and said that when you saw the present condition of America which strongly advocates liberty and equality—"There! That's militarism." Another noise.) If there were militarism actually, it should be destroyed as soon as possible. It must be part of the business of the society. But, he cried, the Waseda University ought to be ashamed of their conduct. He returned to his seat trembling with excitement.

General Shirakawa, the Vice-Minister of War, then read an address on behalf of the War Minister. A voice cried that blood was dripping from the decoration on the breast of the speaker. Another student sang: "Thousands die to raise one hero to fame." Then the members of the anti-society began to sing the

school song in chorus. Several more officers made speeches, but they were drowned in the noise, and the meeting was closed at 4:20 p.m. in confusion.

The *Japan Chronicle* goes on to say that the opponents of the Society for the Study of Military Affairs at Waseda University, having converted the meeting of that society into a mild riot on May 10, called a meeting of their own two days later. They were in turn raided by the advocates of military advancement, and the interruptions led to blows. Six students were seriously injured.

The next day the Kensetsu-sha (Construction Society) of the university, having among its members some of the younger professors, including Messrs. Kitazawa Shinjiro, Oyama Ikuo, and Mr. Sano Manabu, called an emergency meeting and passed resolutions, in the course of which it was said:

We disapprove of the attitude of Dr. Takada and Dr. Shiozawa at the inauguration of the Society for the Study of Military Affairs. They should be impeached in the presence of the Construction Society.

The Society for the Study of Military Affairs invited militarists, including General Shirakawa, the Vice-Minister of War, to the inauguration ceremony. We have reason to suspect that the society has joined hands with the military clique, and has been made the cat's-paw of the militarists. The society should be accused.

Both the *Mainichi* and the *Asahi* state that the police are preparing for action against the Socialists at Waseda and other universities. The former paper makes special mention of the Waseda professors who are on the official black list for their socialistic activities, and it happens that three of them are those who supported the anti-militarist students in their protest against the manner of organizing the Society for the Study of Military Affairs at the University. The militarist students seem to have taken this as an encouragement to themselves and have demanded the punishment of professors and students who "inculcate unpatriotic ideas." The *Mainichi* states that the special higher section of the metropolitan police considers that four professors of the Waseda University, Messrs. Sano Gaku, Inomata Tsunao, Oyama Ikuo, and Kitazawa Shinnosuke, who are on the black list, have gone beyond the bounds of theoretical study of socialism, and entered into the practical movement. They are alleged to be developing a tendency to bolshevize Japanese students.

On account of the opposition to the Society for the Study of Military Affairs, its organizers at the Waseda University dissolved it, but were later understood to be looking toward reorganization. The *Japan Chronicle* has this to say of the scheme which has led to so much opposition:

According to report, the scheme which is supposed to be under discussion between the War Office and the Educational Department, the Home Office and the Department of Agriculture and Commerce, consists not only in extending the term of obligatory education but administering thoroughgoing military education at the universities, middle schools, and elementary schools with the object of reducing the term of barrack service, officers in active service being dispatched to the schools for the purpose and the enforcement of the training being regulated by Imperial Ordinance or War Office Ordinance investing the army with full powers. If so, this would be an attempt at making preparatory military training a compulsory part of school education—at militarizing the nation rather than nationalizing the army.

The Japanese Cotton Mills

A SURVEY of labor conditions in the cotton mills of Japan has been made by a Japanese welfare agency, the Association for Harmonious Cooperation, an account of which appears in the *Manchester Guardian* as follows:

Four-fifths of the workers employed in Japanese spinning mills are women or girls, and of these nearly two-thirds are under the age of 20. Out of 177,476 women and girls employed in 1919, 79 were under 12 years, 32,722 were between 12 and 15 years, 79,656 between 15 and 20 years, and 65,016 over 20 years. The number of men and boys employed was 55,330, almost all over 15 years.

For more than ten years factory owners have been finding difficulty in obtaining women workers, partly through the rapid growth of the industry, partly through the short period the women work. Over 60 per cent of the workers are "recruited" through agents sent out by the owners, who receive so much a head, and who advance a sum to each worker recruited, which apparently is intended to bind them firmly to the employer.

In spite of this contract system and the fact that over two-fifths of the women employees and nearly a fourth of the male workers live in dormitories attached to the factories, the labor turnover is very high. Thus in 1921, in proportion to the 229,038 workers in cotton-spinning mills, discharges were 74.11 per cent and engagements 90.87 per cent.

Mills now run either 22 or 20 hours a day. The operatives work in alternate shifts, each of 11 to 12 hours, with 30 minutes' rest for meals and 15-minute breaks at 9 a.m. or 9 p.m. and 3 a.m. or 3 p.m. Four days' rest a month is given, and "there is an increasing tendency to adopt the Sunday rest system." As food is often supplied to the workers by the employer or by outside agents authorized by him, it is clear that something not far removed from the truck system exists.

Tuberculosis is very prevalent among the dormitory workers, although things are reported to be improving. "Owing to the low standard of education and the slow progress of any feeling of self-reliance among the women workers, very little headway has been made in the organization of workers in the industry." The only union of spinners in Japan has a membership of 200.

Factory Hours in Japan

IN its new regulations on the minimum working age Japan has followed the Washington Hours of Work Convention, says the *Manchester Guardian*. The working age is put at 14, but children over 12 can work when they have finished the course of an elementary school or if they are in employment when the act comes into force. This wipes out the provision of the Japanese law that children between 10 and 12 can be employed "in certain light and easy work."

But in its regulation of hours the new Japanese factory act falls far short of the Washington convention. It provides that children under 16 and women are not to be employed more than 11 hours a day, which is one hour less than at present; exception is made in the case of the silk industry. The Washington convention limited the hours of children under 15 years to 48 a week. The act places no limit on the hours of work of male workers over 16, or of male workers over 15 for the first three years, which, of course, means that for that period there need be no change. The Washington convention put a limit of 57 hours a week, except in the raw silk industry, which was allowed a 60-hour week.

The Washington convention insisted on a weekly rest period of 24 consecutive hours to all classes of workers. The act

makes no provision for male workers over 16 (or over 15 for three years), but gives two rest days a month to children under 16 (or 15) and women; women and children on night work are entitled to four rest days a month. Likewise there is no provision for rest intervals during work for men and boys over 16, but children and women are to have half an hour's rest for a 6-hour day and at least an hour for a 10-hour day.

On night work the Washington convention sought to secure the prohibition of all employment of children under 16 (or under 15 until July 1, 1925) and women for a period of 11 hours, including the interval between 10 p.m. and 5 a.m., but modified this for Japan to make the period 10 hours for a provisional term of three years. The act prohibits work between 10 p.m. and 5 a.m. for children under 16 (or 15 for three years) and women, but allows work up to 11 p.m. with the sanction of the authorities.

The World's Chief Navies

THE *London Economist* prints a tabulation of the navies of Great Britain, the United States, Japan, France, and Italy as they were on February 1, last. The return, which is based on a White Paper issued by the British Admiralty, omits obsolete ships. The following comparisons are shown:

		British Empire	U.S.A.	Japan	France	Italy
Battleships	Built	18	30	11	9	9
	Building.	2	9	2	0	0
Battle cruisers	Built	4	0	7	0	0
	Building.	0	4	2	0	0
Cruisers	Built	2	10	0	6	3
	Building.	0	0	0	0	0
Light cruisers	Built	48	9	15	5	10
	Building.	4	10	8*	3	0†
Flotilla leaders.....	Built	16	0	0	1	8
	Building.	2	0	0	6	3
Torpedo-boat destroy- ers	Built	185	315	71	51	51
	Building.	4	0	17‡	12	8
Submarines	Built	66	104	40	47	42
	Building.	8	27	11	13	0‡
Gunboat and dispatch vessels	Built	0	4	4	72	9
	Building.	0	1	0	1	0

Of her battleships, the United States is to scrap, under the Washington treaty, eight of those actually built and seven of those building, while five are on sale and being dismantled. This brings her battleship strength (built and building) down to 19, as against the British Empire's 20. Under the Washington treaty Japan is to scrap five of the existing and the two building battleships; she is also to scrap three battle cruisers, and to convert into aircraft carriers the two battle cruisers now building. Similarly, the United States is to scrap the four battle cruisers now under construction.

In light cruisers, the British total is large; but an outstanding feature of the table is America's tremendous preponderance in torpedo-boat destroyers. In submarines also she has a big lead. The White Paper does not tell us how many of the various classes of vessels are actually manned and in commission. Another important point about the above table is drawn attention to in our footnotes. In the Japanese list, in addition to the vessels built or building, six light cruisers, 21 torpedo-boat destroyers, and 28 submarines are projected. The latest date of completion of the vessels to be scrapped under the Washington treaty by the United States (apart, of course, from vessels now building) is 1909; while the torpedo-boat destroyers show a rather remarkable number of American craft of this type completed between 1919 and 1922.

* Not including six projected. † Two are projected. ‡ Four projected. § Not including 21 projected. || Not including 28 projected.



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